



Yearly Subscription \$1.50.

STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES.

COWICK & CROOKS, Props.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

NUMBER 46.

REFUSAL.

Clarinda's shy.
Eben's mute. the rogue, and says me nay.
Yet all I need is but to hold.
The velvet of her hand to hear
The rosebud call me shepherd, dear—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
The rosebud parts and bids me hence
What'er I ask.
Yet all I need is but to hold.
For she has never been embraced
The living circle of her waist—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
Her pinky ears, those lovely shells.
When'er I speak
She floods apace with rain of gold,
Yet all I ask is only this.
To melt upon her snow a kiss—
Clarinda's shy.

THE COUNT'S HEIR.

Winter evening among the Maine hills.

Mrs. Gray had come out on the porch steps, under the shadow of the great cedar tree whose blue-berried clusters hung an aromatic odor on the wintry air, to see her pretty daughter start for the "party" with Eben Johnson.

There was an accent of annoyance, not to say vexation, in the voice which fell very unpleasantly on Mrs. Gray's ear, as her husband came slowly up the garden path.

"Hannah," said he, pettishly, "wasn't that Eben Johnson who passed me, driving our Mary in a cutter?"

"Where's the harm?" said Mrs. Gray, answering the tone rather than the words, as she glanced smilingly up from her work. "I'm sure she's a fine young fellow enough, and I rather think he and Mary like one another."

"Harm?" echoed Noah Gray. "I'm surprised to hear you ask that question, wife. No poor salting chap like Eben Johnson is going to marry Mary Gray, and so I tell you!"

"Are you warm enough, Matie?" "Oh, yes, plenty warm. Drive a little slower, Eben, please. I want that disagreeable Seth Holloway to pass us."

"Seth Holloway!" he muttered between his teeth. "Oh, Matie, I wish I were rich!"

"Why?"

"Then your father would like me as well as that red-haired, one-eyed Seth Holloway! I never used to care anything about riches, Mary."

"I remember once, years ago, there was a pestilence raging at a little seaport in Italy, where our ship was anchored. The inhabitants fled, panic-stricken; but I had no fear and I nursed an old grandee through it—a rich, childish old duke, with a skin as yellow as a saffron."

"I wish you could have seen his palazzo, Mary, with its orange trees and fountains; and yet, he was lonely and wretched amid it all. I didn't envy him his wealth. He was very grateful and wanted to adopt me; but I wouldn't have staid there for uncounted worlds."

"And have you ever seen him since?"

"Never; but I have many a time wondered what he's doing in his tumble-down palazzo."

That low-caved old house, with the cedar tree waving its dark arms over the porch and the clumps of shrubby lilacs in front, would come of right at length, drive as slowly as they choose, and the black shadows of the gate-post sleeping on the snow in the still, white moonlight, seemed to keep a solemn watch as the little sleigh glided up and stopped.

As Mary opened the sitting-room door she started back at the sight of the group that met her eyes.

There was Seth Holloway sitting uneasily on the edge of a chair—her father, his gray head resting on his outstretched arms on the table—and her mother bending over him, trying through fast dropping tears to whisper comforting words.

"Mother! Oh, mother! what has happened?" she exclaimed, springing to Mrs. Gray's side, while Eben Johnson stood dismayed in the doorway. "Speak to me, father! Are you ill? Oh, do tell me what the matter is!"

"Matter!" groaned Noah Gray hoarsely, as he lifted his head and stared round the room with strained

eyes. "The matter is that we are ruined—you are a beggar, child!"

"What does he mean, mother?" faltered Mary, shrinking back.

"He means, dear, that the man down in Augusta, whom he indorsed for, has failed—has run away, and your father has all the amount, to pay!"

"I tell you what, 'Squire,'" said Eben, pressing forward. "I have but a little money, but that little is heartily at your service. And I'll write to my uncle, up at Spraysville, to lend me some, money; and I'll work my fingers to the bone, but that you and yours shan't come to want! Don't take on so, 'Squire—now don't!"

Noah Gray silently stretched out his hand to meet the iron grasp of the young sailor, whose voice trembled with the fullness of his heart.

Seth Holloway, who had been uneasily writhing on the extreme limit of his chair, got up to depart at this juncture.

Noah Gray shook his head wearily. "You mean well, my boy," said he, "and I thank you; but I'm a ruined man! After all these years of work and care to scrape together a little competence for Hannah and Mary, I am a ruined man at last."

"Don't sir," said Eben huskily. "There never was anything so bad but what might be bettered!"

Noah did not reply and Mrs. Gray whispered softly to Eben that perhaps her husband needed rest. The brave young fellow took the hint, only pausing on the threshold to say to Mary in an undertone:

"Matie, I wish more than ever that I was a rich man!"

The little red postoffice had been thronged and vacated in due succession and now the ruler of the mails sat all alone on his high stool, swinging his feet and peering over his spectacles out of the window.

Suddenly he started up.

"Hello Eben! Eben Johnson!"

And Eben, who was riding along the road, absorbed in inward reflection, came to an abrupt pause.

"Well, what's wanting?"

"Here's a letter for you, with a New York postmark!" said the man of stamps, holding up the document between his forefinger and thumb.

Eben mechanically came forward and took the letter, turning it curiously over as he walked away.

"A letter for me," he muttered. "I'm sure I don't know of anybody who would write to me, unless it was Mary Gray, and I don't think she would write when she could speak so much easier. Well, I guess I may as well open it!"

And Eben opened a brief letter from a New York attorney, agent for an Italian firm, simply announcing the death of one Count of Pietro Latorino and his bequest to Eben Johnson, seaman, a sum of money which would have seemed ample to most men, but which appeared an exhaustless mine—an Aladdin world of wealth—to Eben.

He turned giddily back to the village.

"When does the next train leave?"

"At 11:30," answered the postmaster—a sort of village oracle.

Three days had elapsed, and Mary Gray was sitting listlessly before the fire, her pretty hands folded and a faint, feverish glow on her cheek.

Mrs. Gray was hustling hither and thither trying to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness and Noah sat by the window, a paper of dates, figures, and calculations in his hand, which he despondently gazed at from time to time.

"Mother."

Mary spoke in a very subdued voice, but Mrs. Gray's quick ear caught the low accents, and she came to her daughter's side, caressing the golden braids of her hair with a loving touch, as she whispered:

"Yes, darling."

"Mother would you have thought Eben could stay away from us in our misfortunes?"

"Hush, dear, don't judge rashly, maybe something has happened to detain him at home."

"But he might at least send word."

"Wait, Mary—only wait," whispered the mother, softly folding Mary's hand in hers.

Slowly the sunset faded away from the walls of the room, and the firelight threw its arrows of light and shadow about the ceiling, and the cricket began to chirp softly between the fire-bricks, and Mary still sat there, musing sadly. Was she in deed forgotten, or

"Mary—my own Mary!"

Yes, it was he—close beside, with his strong arms about her and his eyes looking into hers! No dream—no delusion—but Eben's own self!

"Did you think I had ceased to remember you, dearest? As if I could ever think of anything else. No, love, not until the grave divides us shall I fail to hold you first and most precious in my heart!"

"Mr. Gray," said Eben, turning to the old man, "what is the amount for which you are reliable, according to law?"

"Seven thousand four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and forty-two cents," answered Noah Gray, mechanically, as if he were repeating a lesson.

Eben laid on the table before him a check for \$8,000.

"It is yours, sir."

Noah Gray scrutinized the bit of paper through his spectacles with a pale, almost incredulous face. Then, with a long breath of intense, indescribable relief, he fell sobbing on Eben's shoulder.

Then followed explanations and Eben told how he had unexpectedly become heir to the childless old Italian nobleman, who had in death remembered the American boy who had nursed him through the pestilential fever.

Mrs. Gray listened, declaring that "it was as good as a novel, every bit," and Mary, ah! Eben had only to watch her face to see what she thought.

"My wish has come true, Matie," said Eben, turning to her as he concluded, "I am rich—rich in wealth, and richer far in your love! May I have her, Mr. Gray?"

Noah silently placed her hand in that of the young man.—Boston Globe.

A Passenger's Vivid Dream.

A young business man of this place bought a furnace and had it set up Saturday, says a Moline (Ill.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Sunday he worked all day showing his wife how to work it, so she would not burn the house down, and that evening he took a sleeper for St. Louis. Near Fulton he had a vivid dream. He thought his house was afire and his family was locked up inside. With yells of desperation which fairly froze the blood of the other passengers in the sleeper he kicked in the door and found the fire burned away, his wife and everything in the house cremated, and he himself landed in the cellar with a heavy thud. The blow awoke him, and picking himself up he found himself by the side of the railroad track.

Glancing about him, expecting to see the train wreck and the other passengers killed, he saw in the starlight his train vanishing in the distance. He had actually kicked out the double window of his berth with his bare feet and thrown himself feet first through the window to the ground while the train was running twenty-five miles an hour, and was unhurt save three cuts on his left leg, caused by the broken glass. The passengers notified the conductor, and when the train was backed they found the man walking to meet it. He was clad only in his night clothes. It was almost impossible to believe his story, but his condition and the deserted berth containing his clothes and the broken window confirmed it.

An Invitation with a Warning.

It is an actual fact that, but a day or two ago, a cheap restaurant in the downtown district, whose proprietor is evidently a godly man, and who hangs up pious placards on his walls, bore this sign: "Try Our Mince Pies." And close by it, on the same wall, this one: "Prepare to Meet Thy God."—Boston Transcript.

MANY a man has done his best, and found out afterwards that it was his worst.

THE TWO BOYS.

Things Were Evidently Not "Evened Up" Between Them.

A lady accompanied by her son, a lad of about 12 years, was riding in a street car up-town the other day. The young gentleman had on what was evidently his first suit of "grown-up" clothes. His shirt, collar, tie, and scarf pin were immaculate. His suit was evidently made by a good tailor, and his faultless kid gloves were of the latest shade. He was well pleased with himself and his mamma was well pleased with him.

At Forty-second street a newsboy came on the cars carrying his evening papers. He was rather more wretched looking than the average newsboy. His attire consisted solely of a very ragged shirt and an equally ragged pair of trousers, which were held on by a strip of dirty cotton cloth which served for a suspender. He was hatless and shoeless. The most remarkable thing about this newsboy was that his face and hands were clean.

The boy in the good clothes bought a paper. He immediately began to read it as the men do while he absently held out his gloved hand for the change.

While the newsboy counted the pennies into the palm of the new kid glove he looked his customer over, not contemptuously, as one might imagine, but rather wistfully. Then he walked slowly out of the car, looking back over his shoulder at the well-dressed boy.

A change of horses was being made, and the newsboy stopped outside of his window with his papers under his arms and his hands in his pockets, still looking at the boy in the derby hat. The wistful expression deepened and grew. One could read upon his face what he was thinking, and a gentleman who had watched the little incident said with a sigh as the car started out:

"Things don't seem to be very well evened up in this world," and everybody seemed to understand except the boy, who was still looking at his paper, and his mother, who was fondly gazing.—New York Times.

Merely Stating His Opinion.

A young lady who is really popular in Washington society tells the following:

The summer she spent at a mountain resort in Virginia, where she was the recipient, of course, of a number of attentions from the men, both young and old. Among the most persistent was a young man whom I shall conceal by calling Jones. He was very devoted. He took the girl walking and driving. He spent money on her, sending candy and flowers, which cost high at certain seasons. One evening there was a hop at the hotel. Between the dances Mr. Jones proposed a promenade. The night was beautiful and the air balmy. The young lady consented. Jones told her he thought she was the most charming person he had ever met; that she was everything that a man could desire for a wife. He even said he loved her. The young woman, not a little frightened, said:

"But you know, Mr. Jones, I could never marry you."

He stopped in his rhapsody, and replied:

"I haven't asked you yet."—The Capital.

Heating by Electricity.

In some hotels in the West a system of heat regulation which is certainly novel is carried out. For instance, a guest occupying room 156 asks for heat. The order is transmitted to a particular person, the typewriter of the hotel generally. She goes to a switchboard and connection is given electrical with that room, allowing heat to pass into it. The occupant of the room is, perhaps, particular. A hot-blooded person wishes merely to keep from freezing; another wants a high temperature. Each can have his wish, for a thermostat with a pointer is on the wall, and the room will keep itself automatically as desired. The regulation is 70 degrees, but it can be departed from as stated.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE talent we do not use is the one God wants most.

WHEN faith goes to market it always takes a basket.

THE devil feels sure of the man who lives an aimless life.

FAITH and trial are good friends.

RIGHT is might, but might is not right.

THE right kind of a prayer never stops.

THE voice of Christ will not fit a stiff neck.

HE who follows a good man travels toward God.

A CHILD's first question is the first round in the ladder of knowledge.

God has filled the world with teachers for those who want to learn.

A CHRONIC grumbler can be set down as a person who loafs too much.

SOME men join churches from the same motive that others rob a bank.

THE devil is a friend to the man who helps to put a bad man in office.

IT is better to stand still than to take step in which God does not lead.

NO MAN can live right for a day who does not realize that he is to live forever.

IT is seldom that the Holy Ghost and a kitchen get on well together in the same church.

EVERY good man is a light that God is using to show some sinner the way to Heaven.

AS a publican Zaccheus was very little, but how fast he grew when he came to Christ.

THE man who knows he has a God has no business to ever be in want of anything else.

NO PREACHER can keep step with God whose head is growing faster than his heart.

YOU can't tell how many friends God has in a community by counting the church spires.

TOO MANY people have an idea that religion can be measured by the length of the face.

THE man who works the 'hardest for the least pay is the one who has the biggest fortune.

THERE are too many preachers who never have anything to say for Christ outside of the pulpit.

IF the wife does not get any good out of the husband's religion it does not come from Christ.

JESUS taught prudence and economy when he told His disciples to gather up the fragments.

THE less a preacher believes God's promises the more particular he is about the size of his salary.

TAKE away the screens from all the saloon doors, and you will make the devil lame in his best foot.

GOD made some things merely for ornament, perhaps, but a Christian does not come under that head.

SOME preachers never win any battles with the sword of the Spirit because they try too hard to polish it.

THE man who asks God for his daily bread will never saw off the end of his yard stick in trying to get it.

THERE is no such thing as becoming rich while shutting God out of the heart in order to put money in the pocket.

FIRST get right with God, and every dollar that can become a blessing to you will begin rolling toward you with all its might.

THE devil never gets far from the man who has an idea that he put the Lord under obligations on the day he joined the church.

Not the Same.

Little City Girl—How funny! You get your milk from a cow and we get ours out of a can. Little Country Girl—But it's just the same kind of milk. Little City Girl—Oh, no; I noticed a great difference right away.

AN ITALIAN HEROINE.

She Is Working in the Mines to Fetch Her Parents Over.

In the summer of 1890, a bright Italian girl came to New York and secured employment as a servant, having in view the saving of money enough to pay the passage of her parents from Italy to this more favored land. A brief experience showed her that at the low wages she was able to obtain it would be a long time before she could hope to see her parents here, and she decided to adopt the garb of a man, in order that she might obtain a man's wages. She did so and readily found employment on a railroad which was being built in Pennsylvania.

Despite the blistering of her hands and the hardships of the labor, she toiled faithfully for months, living by herself in a small hut not far from Hazelton, and as much as possible avoiding association with her fellow laborers, by whom the supposed effeminate young man was not held in high esteem.

She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the parents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old country was given employment on the railroad, and placed in the same gang with the strong-hearted young woman. He immediately recognized her, and the fact of her disguise was reported to the foreman; but the latter, on hearing her pathetic story, did not order her discharge. He simply consented that she should go on with the work she had been pursuing, and at last reports she was merrily wielding the pick and shovel, happy in the assurance that her parents would soon be with her.—Good Housekeeping.

How They Got Down.

"That was a pretty big storm we had here the other day," said the old salt, as he filled his pipe out of his listener's bag of tobacco, "but, lawdy, it wasn't a patch on the one I was in down off the mouth of the Amazon in 1853. I was first mate on the brig 'Betsy Black' an' we were ridin' at anchor just outside the mouth of the river when there came up the greatest blow you ever see. It lasted two days an' then the brig went to pieces, an' we had to take to small boats. Well, sir, the water in that river riz so rapidly that it seemed as if we was goin' up in a balloon when we got out in our boats. We went up an' up an' finally, as the wind was blowin' inshore, we went scootin' inland at a mile a minnit."

"The water was that high that there was no tellin' where we was. We slid along for half a day an' then the water began to go down just as fast as it riz. First thing we knew we were stuck in the top of a palm tree 240 feet from ground an' no branches to climb down on."

"How did you get down?" asked the listener, breathlessly.

"Why, our boat was one of these here canvas ones an' we simply turned it over, made a parachute of it an' come down nice as you please."

—Buffalo Express.

He Watched the Conductor.

Some false friend advised a traveler that if he would feel perfectly calm, collected and care-free when eating his lunch at a railroad restaurant he should watch the conductor. This plan worked first-rate at Waterville and Brunswick. At Portland the traveler concluded to patronize Bro. Woodbury to the extent of a full meal, noticing that the conductor seemed eating placidly and slowly. After the pie and coffee had been leisurely and luxuriously stowed away the traveler walked across and carefully inquired of the conductor: "How soon does your train start?"

"What train?"

"Train to Boston."

"Train to Boston! why that went ten minutes ago. 'Nother man takes it—I change here."

And the Western Union Telegraph Company received, very promptly, a piece of business reading: "Conductor No. steen: Put off at Biddeford, coat, mackintosh, two grips, and umbrella. G. O. Tietz."—Lawiston (Me.) Journal.